Mr. Palmer, as Henry VIII.

Mr. Palmer, as Henry VIII.

18

HENRY the VIIIth.

A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

King Henry - -	Mr Aiken.
Buckingham - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Cranmer - -	Mr. Hull.
Surry - - -	Mr. Farren.
Lord Chamberlain -	Mr. Bonner.
Cromwell - -	Mr. Davies.
Gardner - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Lord Sands - -	Mr. T. Kennedy
Norfork - -	Mr. Fearon.
Suffolk - - -	Mr. Booth.
Cardinal Wolsey -	Mr. Henderson.

WOMEN.

Anne Bullen -	Mrs. Inchbald.
Lady - - -	Mrs. Pitt.
Queen Catherine .	Mrs. Pope.

BRITISH MUSEUM

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE *An antichamber in the palace.*

Enter the duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the duke of Buckingham, and the lord Abergavenny.

Buckingh m.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since laſt we ſaw you in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace;
Healthful, and, ever ſince, a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buk. An untimely ague
Staid me a priſoner in my chamber, when
Thoſe ſuns of glory, thoſe two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde,

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay,
'Till this time pomp was ſingle;
The two kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them.
When theſe ſuns,
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs;
All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him!
What had he to do in theſe 'fierce vanities!
Why took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who ſhould attend him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the moſt part ſuch,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon:

Nor. The ſtate takes no note of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal.
You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge; it's long, and, it may be ſaid,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bear me up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Wolsey, and two Secretaries with papers.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? Ha?
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is ven'm-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber.
I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: At this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the king;
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Be advis'd:
I say there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions; by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel) I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock.—Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,
Suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rising.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd.
And he cry'd, Thus let be—to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead. But our court Cardinal
Has

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it.
Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me), that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he please.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, you were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.
Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms, and Guard.
Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.
Serj. Sir,
My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign King.
Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty,
'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead my innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven
Be done in this and all things; I obey.
O my Lord, fare ye well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further
Aber. The kings pleasure
Must be obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, to attach Lord Montacute, and the bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, John de la Court,
And Gilbert Peck his Chancellor.
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot, No more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins.
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er great Cardinal

Hath ſhew'd him gold: My life is ſpann'd already.
I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham,
Whoſe figure even this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Council chamber.*

Flouriſh. Enter Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet.

King. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I ſtood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of Buckingham's: In perſon
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify;
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

Enter the Queen; ſhe kneels. The King takes her up, kiſſes, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.

King. Ariſe, and take your place by us: Half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you aſk, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majeſty.
—That you would love yourſelf; and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am ſolicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: Wherein although, [*To Wolſey.*
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions, yet the king our maſter,
(Whoſe honour Heaven ſhield from ſoil! eſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea ſuch, which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear: For, upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,
Compell'd by hunger,

And lack of other means,
Are all in uproar;
And danger ſerves among them.
King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are b am'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in aught
Pertains to the ſtate; and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholeſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions,
Whereof my ſovereign would have note, they are
Moſt peſtilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is ſacrifice to the load. They ſay,
They are devis'd by you; or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still, exaction!
The natu e of it? In what kind, let's know
Is this exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubjects' grief
Comes through commiſſio s, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This mak s bold mouths:
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curſes now,
Live where their prayers did;
I would, your highneſs
Would give it quick conſiderat on.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of he Judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be
The chroni les of my doing; let me ſay,

'Tis

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through.
If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In fear we ſit
State-Statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear;
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe, not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the ſap. To every country,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that hath denied
The force of this commiſſion. Pray, look to't:
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you, [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every ſhire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noiſ'd,
That, through our intercеſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes: I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am ſorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many.
The gentleman is learn'd; a moſt rare ſpeaker;
To nature none more bound;
Yet he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his.
Sit, you ſhall hear
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold ſpirit relate what you
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, every day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the king
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſcepter his. These very words—
I have heard him utter to his ſun-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the Crown,
Upon our fail? To this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confeſſor; who fed him every minute
With words of ſovereignty.
A holy Monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the confeſſion's ſeal
He ſolmnly had ſworn, that, what he ſpoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter; with demure confidence,
Thus pauſingly enſu'd;—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke) ſhall proſper: Bid him ſtrive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the compl. int o' the tenants Take good heed,
You charge not in you ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul. I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.

King. Let him on:
—Go forward.

Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the Devil's illuſions
The Monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him
To ruminate on this.
He anſwered, Tuſh,
It can do me no damage: Adding further,
That, had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads

Should

Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what ſo rank? ah, ah!———

There's miſchief in this man:—Canſt thou ſay further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke

About Sir William Bloomer,———

King. I remember

Of ſuch a time. Being my ſworn ſervant,

The Duke retain'd him his. But on.

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,

As to the Tower, I thought; I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

The uſurper Richard; who, being at Saliſbury,

Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,

As he made ſemblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,

And this man out of priſon?

Queen. God mend all! [what ſay'ſt?

King. There's ſomething more would out of thee;

Surv. After, with one hand on his dagger,

Another ſpread on his breaſt, mounting his eyes,

He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenour

Was,—Were he evil-us'd, he would out-go

His father, by as much as a performance

Does an irreſolute purpoſe.

King. There's his period,

To ſheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to preſent trial: If he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

Let him not ſeek it of us. By day and night,

He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. How now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That

That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tayl rs.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our Monſieurs
To think an E gliſh courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee th Louvre.
What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanitie ?
Lov. Ay, ma ry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords;
A French ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going,
For, ſure, there's no converting of 'em. Now,
An honeſt country L rd, as I am, beaten
A lo g time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hea ing; and, by'r Lady,
Held current muſic too.
Cham. Well ſaid, Lord Sands;
Your col 's tooth is not caſt y t?
Sands No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whith r were you a g ing?
Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſh p is a gueſt too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a ſupper, and a g eat one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there wi l be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.
Lov. That Churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fru tful as the land that feeds us.
Cham. My barge ſtays;
Your Lo dſhip ſhall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We ſhall be late elſe,
Sands. Ay, ay, if the beauties are there, I muſt make
One among 'em, to be ſur .

SCENE, *York Place.*

Flouriſh. A ſmall ta le under the ſ ate for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen and di v rs other Ladies and Gent emen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladie . a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: None here, he hopes,
In all this noble b evy, has bro ght with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry

As

As firſt—good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O my Lord, you are tardy,
Enter Lord Chamberlain. Lord Sands, and Lovell.
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.
Sand. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet, ere they reſted,
I think, would better pleaſe 'em. By my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your Lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe!
Sands. I would I were;
They ſhould find eaſy penance.
Lov. 'Faith how eaſy?
Sands. As eaſy, as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir Harry
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering—Nay, you muſt not freeze
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather;—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray ſit, between theſe Ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip.—By your leave ſweet ladies.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath. [*Kiſſes her.*
Cham. Well ſaid, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly ſeated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair Ladies
Paſs away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.
Flouriſh. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, and takes his ſtate.
Wol. You are welcome, my fair gueſts: That noble
Lady,
Or Gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend, This to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks*
Sands. Your Grace is noble:——
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,

And

And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: Cheer your neighbours.—
—Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord; then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You are a merry gameſter,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to ſuch a thing,——

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drums and trumpets, guns diſcharg'd,*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, ſome of you.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? What is't?

Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers;
For ſo they ſeem: They have left their barge, and landed
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*All ariſe and tables removed.*

—You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it;
A good digeſt on to you all: And once more,
I ſhower a welcome on you. Welcome all.

Flouriſh. Enter King and others as Maſkers, habited like ſhepherds, uſher'd by the lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble company! What are their pleaſures?

Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace; that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view thoſe ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor houſe grace; for which I pray 'em
A thouſand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleaſures.
[*Chuſe ladies: King and Anne Bullen.*

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſic. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,———

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. [*To Cham. aſide.*] Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em, by his perſon
More worthy this place than myſelf; to whom,
I would ſurrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. goes to the company and returns.*

Wol. What ſay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me ſee then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair aſſembly; you do well, lord.
Your are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad.
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.

King. My lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter.
The Viſcount Rochford, one of her highneſs' women.

King. By heaven, ſhe's a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Ann Bullen.*
And not to kiſs you.—A health, Gentlemen—
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber.

Lov. Yes my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear

I fear is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's freſher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one.—Sweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you—Let's be merry:—
I have another meaſure yet to lead 'em,
Which being ended, they ſhall go ſleep:
Then this, which does a happy viſion ſeem,
May be again repeated in a dream. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE *a ſtreet.*

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him. Halberts on each ſide) accompanied with ſir Thomas Lovell, ſir Nicholas Vaux, ſir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Buck. You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me,
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, heav'n bear witneſs,
And, if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice;
But thoſe, that ſought it, I could wiſh more chriſtians:
Be what they will I heartily forgive 'em:
Nor will I ſue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. Ye few, that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friend, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And liſt my ſoul to heaven.—Lead on.

Lov. I do beſeech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven:
Commend me to his grace;
And if he ſpeaks of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half way in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and till my ſoul forſake me,

Shall cry for bleſſings on him :—May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years ;
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs, and he fill up one moment !

Lov. Prepare there,
The duke is coming. See, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, ſir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high conſtable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant :
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying to ſuccour to his ſervant Banaſter,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell :
I had my trial,
And, muſt needs ſay, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd.
You hat hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counſels.
Be ſure you be not looſe ; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive,
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I muſt now forſake you ; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Remember Buckingham. [*Exit Buckingham and train.*

SCENE, *an antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.

Nor.

Nor. What's the cauſe?

Cham. It ſeems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.

Suf. No, his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal!
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he liſts. This king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray god he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages:
Let's in.
And with ſome other buſineſs put the king
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work ſo much upon him
—My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuſe me;
The king has ſent me other-where: Beſides
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him.
Health to your lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Thanks, my good lord Chamberlain.

Enter the King, reading penſively.

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there! ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I ſay? How dare you thruſt yourſelves
Into my private meditations?
Whom am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate; in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.

King. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make you know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolſey, and Campeius with a commiſſion.

Who's there? my good lord Cardinal!—O my Wolſey,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience!
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To Campeius.*
Moſt learned reverend ſir, into our kingdom;
Uſe us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker. [*To Wol.*

Wol. Sir you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*To Nor. and Suf.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though, for his place.
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Nor. and Suf.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in my arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves.
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
(The city of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law;
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow,

Cardinal

Cardinal goes out, and re-enter with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: Much joy and favor to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. To be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough. For living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I commanded him, follows my appointment;
I will not come so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gar.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience! conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An ant-chamber of the Queen's apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, (by my life,
She never knew harm doing,)
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
Than wear a golden sorrow.

I would

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy:

Anne. Nay, good troth,——

Old L. You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am to queen it.

Anne. How do you talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming. I myſelf
Would for Canarvonſhire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The ſecret of your conference?

Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women. There is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely,
The king's majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of Pembroke; to which title
A thouſand pounds a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do beſeech your lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highneſs,
Whoſe health, and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour are in her ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this iſle?—I'll to the king,
And ſay I ſpoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Anne.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
Old L. The Marſhioneſs of Pembroke!
A thouſand pounds a year! for pure reſpect;
No other obligation? by my life,
That promiſes more thouſands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-ſkirt.
Anne. Good lady.
Make yourſelf merry with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetfull
In our long abſence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What, do you think me?— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the court for the trial of Q. Catherine, ſitting in a hall at Black-Friars.*

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all ſides the authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo;—proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Catherine queen of England,
Come into the court.
Crier. Catherine queen of England, &c.
[*The queen goes to the king, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]
Queen. Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, ſir,
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to you diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;

Sir

Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been bleſt
With many children by you: If in the courſe
And proceſs of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, ſir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd
That they had gather'd a wiſe council to them,
Of every realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you, ſir, to ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whoſe counſel
I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfil'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) theſe reverend fathers; men
Of ſingular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal, ——
To you I ſpeak.

Wol. Your pleaſure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd ſo) certain,
The daughter of a king), my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.

Wol.

Wol. Be patient yet, ———

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,—
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,———
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. Madam you do me wrong,
I have no spleen against you: nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further, shall. is warranted
By a commission from the consistory.
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he knows
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove those thoughts from you. The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking:
And say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble
mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
—That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness;
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the king, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and

Disdainful

Diſdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catherine, queen of England, come into the court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!—Pray you, paſs on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who ſhou'd report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art, alone,
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf towards me.

Wol. Moſt gracious ſir,
In humbleſt manner I require your highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfied) if I
Did broach this buſineſs to your highneſs; or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't?

King. My lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught.
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by ſome of theſe
The queen is put in anger.—You are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtified? you ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs;
But oft have hindered,
The paſſages made toward it.—On my honour,
I ſpeak my good lord Cardinal, to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now what mov'd me to't—
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd

By

By the biſhop of Bayonne, then French Ambaſſador;
For no diſlike i' the world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come, with her,
Catherine our Queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Can. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to a future day:
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs. [*They riſe to depart.*

King. Break up the court:
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
Theſe comforts will make haſte, which now are ſlow.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE, *The Queen's Apartments.*

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench: My ſoul grows ſad with troubles;
Sing, and diſperſe them, if thou can'ſt:

SONG, ſet by Dr. Arne.

Love's the tyran of th heart,
Full of miſchief, full of wile;
All its joys are m x'd with ſm rt,
Thorns beneath his roſes grow;
And, perpetu l e, he ſtings the breaſt,
Where he is harbo r'd and careſs'd.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An t pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gent. They will d me ſay ſo, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Gra es
To come near. What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They ſhould be good men: their affairs are righteous.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. What are your pleasures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

Wol. *Regina serenissima,*———

Queen. Good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant, since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious.
Pray, speak in English: Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel.———

Queen To betray me. [*Aside.*
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such point of weight so near mine honour,
(More near my life I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel, for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England
But little for my profit: Can you think, Lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
No, no, my friends,

They

They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In my own country Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon you!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt.
Would ye have me,
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If you be any thing but churchmens' habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago.

Wol. Pray hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
—Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me —Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you?
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace makers, friends, and servants.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; And, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his majeſty:
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, Reverend fathers;
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Antichamber to the King's Apartments.*

Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father in law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?

Cham. My Lords, if you cannot
Bar his acceſs to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His ſpell in that is out; The King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to the eye of the King: Wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs
To ſtay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*

My

My King is tangled in affect on to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. But, will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?

Suf. No, no;
Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; has ta'en no leave;
Hath left the cause o' the King unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, *Ha!* at this.

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce.
Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catherine no more
Shall be call'd, Queen; but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Suf. The Cardinal———

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside o' the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: And the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*
It shall be to the Duchess of Alenson,

The French King's ſiſter: He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:—
There's more in't than fair viſage.——Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily, I wiſh
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioneſs of Pembroke?—
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!
Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'Tis I muſt ſnuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſplenetive Luthéran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i' the boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.
Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of his heart!
Enter King, *reading a ſchedule*; *and* Lovell.
Suf. The King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my Lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him; Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain.
In moſt ſtrange poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.
King. It may well be;
There is mutiny in his mind.
If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon. [*He whiſpers Lovell.*
Wol.

Wol. Heaven forgive me! ——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs! ——
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heavenly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: You have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of buſineſs,
I bear i' the ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!
King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to ſay well:—
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home.
Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*
Sur. It begins well. [*Aſide.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?
Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite;
I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own;
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
Though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

As

As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken:—
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't:—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.
And, after, this: And then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolſey; the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper;
I fear, the ſtory of his anger.—'Tis ſo;——
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And ſee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to his Holineſs. Nay, then farewel!
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And, from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte now to my ſetting:—I ſhall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great ſeal preſently
Into our hands; and to confine yourſelf
To Eſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſter's,
Till you hear further from his Highneſs.

Wol. Stay.
Where's your commiſſion, Lords? Words cannot carry
Authority

Authority ſo mighty.

Suf. Who dare cro s 'em,
Bearing the King's wil from his mouth expreſsly?

Wl. ' ill I find more than will, r words to do it,
(I mean, your malice) know, officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it.
That ſeal, you
Aſk with ſuch a violence, the K ng,
(Mine and your maſter) with is own hand gave me;
Bade me en oy it, with th place nd honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, Prieſt.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lieſt;
Within theſe forty hours Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy b other Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on your policy!
You ſent me d puty for Ireland,
Far from his ſuccour, from the King, from all,
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him;
Whilſt your grea goodnef , out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an ax.

Wo. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty nd truth
Toward the King, my ever royal maſter,
Dare m te a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And ll that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, prieſt, prote ts you; my Lords,
Can ye endure to hea this arrog nce?
And from this fellow? I we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewel, no ility; let his Grace go forward,

And

And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope, againſt the King: Your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life.—I'll ſtartle you,
Worſe than the facring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in charity againſt it!
Nor. Thoſe articles, my Lord, are in the King's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry *guilty*, Cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worſt objections. If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want thoſe, than my head. Have at you.
Firſt, that, without the King's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To foreign Princes; *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcribed; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.
Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat to be ſtampt on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience,)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities. Many more there are;
Which, ſince they are of you, and odious,

I will

I will not taint my mouth with.

Cam. O, my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For our ſtubborn anſwer,
About your giving back the great ſeal to us,
The King ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal. [*Exeunt.*

Wol. Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And—when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: My high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours!

Enter Cromwell *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy ſpirit wonder,
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A ſtill and quiet conſcience.

C. I am glad your Grace has made that right uſe of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel)

To

To endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Wol. God bleſs him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden:——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience.
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady Ann,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
Get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and maſter.
Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter;
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord——
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when am forgotten, as I ſhall be;
Say, I taught thee,
Say Wolſey—that once trod th ways o glory.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell I charge thee, flin away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can men then,

The

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts, that hate thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's.
Then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King:
And—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny; 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE, *Kimbolton.*

Catherine *Dowager diſcovered ſick, attended by* Cromwell, *and* Patience, *her Woman.*

Crom. How does your Grace?

Cath. O Cromwell, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.
Did'ſt thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Cromwell, tell me how he died:
If well he ſtep'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward,
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill,
He could not ſit his mule:

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At laſt, with eaſy roads, he came to Leiceſter;
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave theſe words; *O father Abbot,*
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed, where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſued him ſtill; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to Heaven, and ſlept in peace.
Cath. So may he reſt; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity;—He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Crom. Noble Madam,
Mens' evil manners live in braſs; their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?
Cath. Yes, good Cromwell:
I were malicious elſe.
Crom. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Cromwell.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,

With thy religious truth, and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
—Patience, be near me ſtill,
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Cromwell,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note,
I nam'd my knell; whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to. [*Sad and ſolemn muſic.*
Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?
Crom. Madam, we are here.
Cath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?
Crom. None, Madam.
Cath. No? Saw you not now a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear.
Crom. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy. [*Enter a* Meſſenger.
Meſ. An't like your Grace,—
Cath. You are a ſaucy fellow;
Deſerve we no more reverence?
Crom. You are to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Meſ. Kneel. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs' pardon;
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A gentleman, ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Cath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell; but this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit* Crom. *and* Meſ.
Re-enter Cromwell, *with Lord* Capucius.
If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.
Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But I pray you
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of Heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding; and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully.
The last is for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will!

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My Lord—Cromwell, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed:—
When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave:
Although unqueen'd, inter like

A Queen,

A Queen, and pay reſpect to that which I have been.
[*Exeunt leading* Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE. *The* King *and the Duke of* Suffolk *at play.*

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor ſhall not when my fancy's on my play.—*Enter* Lovell.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In the greateſt humbleneſs, and begg'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? ha!
To pray for her! what is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman.
King. Alas, good Lady!
Suf. God ſafely quiet her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſs
A quiet night, and my good Miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, Sir, what follows?
Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbiſhop
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?—
Denny. Ay, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true—Where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Bring him to us. (*Exit Denny.*

Re-enter Denny *with* Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha!—I have ſaid—Be gone,
What!— [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aſpect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
To attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows
I have, and most unwillingly of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your Highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*Crammers.*] Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person.
God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail

Fail not to uſe; if intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them —Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour.
I ſwear, he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you—He has ſtrangled
His language in his tears. [*Exit Cranmer.*

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

Lady I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners.—Now good Angels
Fly o'er thy royal head.

King. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, *ay*; and *of a boy.*

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of Heaven
Both now and ever bleſs her!——'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell,——

Enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't. Now, while, 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exeunt Lady and Lovell.*

SCENE, *before the Council Chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cra. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the Gentleman,
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt! what means this?—ho!
Who waits there?

Enter Door-Keeper.

Sure, you know me?

D. Keeper. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why? *D. Keep.*

D. Kep. Your Grace muſt wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So. —

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came his way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit Butts.*

Cran. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis Butts,
The King's phyſician: —As he paſt along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven he found not my diſgrace! For certain,
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
They would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door, a fellow-counſellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys! But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfil'd, and I at end with patience.

Enter the King *and* Butts, *at a Window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight —

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet.
By Holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe;
We ſhall hear more anon.— [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Council-chamber.*

The Lord Chancellor, at the upper End of the Table on the left Hand; a Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, ſeat themſelves in Order on each Side. Cromwell at the lower End, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary.
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Pleaſe your Honour,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Kep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard.

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the Council-table.*

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I am very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty: But we all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſdom, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf and not a little;
Toward the King firſt, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers, and dangerous, which are hereſies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble Lords: For thoſe, that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer,
(Out of our eaſineſs, and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewel all phyſic: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole ſtate.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely;
Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuſe you.

Gard. My Lord, becauſe we have buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where,

Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clearly self,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth, your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'Tis a cruelty
To load a fallen man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry you Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too,
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord.—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain, till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to the tower, my Lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome.
—Let ſome o' the guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, my good Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, my Lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the King my Maſter.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.

Nor. Do you think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't

Enter King frowning on them; takes his Seat.

G. Dread Sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven,
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that, in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of Wincheſter. But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatteries now; whatſoe'er thou
Takſt me for, I am ſure thou
Haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.——
Good man, ſit down. Now let me ſee the proudeſt *To C.*
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur.

Sur. May't pleaſe your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I had thought, I had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my counſel; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deſerve that title)
This honeſt man, wait like a louſy foot-boy
At chamber-door? And one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves! I gave ye
Power, as he was a counſellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye means;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I live.

Chan. My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpoſ'd
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather,
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am ſure, in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him;
Take him, and uſe him well, he's worthy of it.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him.
Be friends, for ſhame, my Lords. My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm;
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.

Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour: How may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons.
You ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old D. of Norfolk,
And Lady Marqueſs Dorſet: Will theſe pleaſe you?
—Once more, my Lord of Wincheſter, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this confirmation. [*Embracing.*

K. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart.
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: *Do my Lord of Canterbury*
But one ſhrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come,

Come, Lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain;
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Palace yard.*

Noiſe and tumult within: Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon ye raſcals. Do you take the court for Paris-Garden?
Ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good maſter Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to rear in?—I'll ſcratch your heads: Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. We may as well puſh againſt Paul's, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: How gets the tide in?

Within. Do you hear, maſter Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good maſter Puppy. —Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muſter in?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here!
What are theſe porters, theſe lazy knaves?
We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſs back from the chriſtening?

Port. Pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; an army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves. [*Ex.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Guards; two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marſhal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c.: Then the Marchioneſs of Dorſet, the other God-mothers, and Ladies; Lord Chamberlain and Earl of Surrey.

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Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious Lady,
That Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord. — [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily; so shall this Lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir.
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be,
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Truth shall nurse her:
Holy and heavenly thoughts still council her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Our children's children shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! But she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily she shall pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in Heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank

I thank ye all.—Lead the way, Lords;
You muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think,
He has buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay;
This little one ſhall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.